

THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

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OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
407 ELEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Per annum (in advance)..... \$2.00
Single copies..... 5 cents
For sale at all the city news stands and
by the newsboys.

SUNDAY GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1901.

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THE TARIFF PROBLEM.

It is now a little more than four years since the Dingley bill became a law. It was enacted and approved amidst a salvo of oratorical artillery and hyperbolic ecstasy of the press. It was "to be all things to all men," and all "the ills the flesh is heir to" were to suddenly vanish from the earth and be no more. The acme of legislation had been attained, and man who "wants but little here below" was to want no more forever. The Dingley bill had done it all. The way to reach universal prosperity had at last been found, and that way was to tax the citizens beyond what was needed for honest and economical maintenance of the Government.

It is true, a few feeble protests were made, and some old-fashioned student of history would occasionally attempt to show that it was not a bad thing to have a burden of taxation upon him, but he was speedily sat down upon and relegated to the rear as an antiquated specimen of the old time.

But the times were propitious for the Dingley bill. The country was just beginning to recover from the effects of the Sherman purchasing act, under which silver was bought and then coined at 16 to 1, and from the McKinley bill. It must be remembered that the panic of 1893 occurred while both of those laws were in full force and on the statute books unrepelled, and it is just as well to remember that the country began to recuperate under the Wilson-Gorman bill.

The Spanish War broke out, and with it came the purchase of supplies, and then the increase in internal revenue taxes. Without the latter the Dingley bill would have been a wretched failure.

The increase of gold derived from the Klondike, and Alaska, and from South Africa, came next, and to that fact prosperity is indebted somewhat.

None of these things, however, are taken into account by protectionists. They have but one principle upon which to conduct a great monetary system, and that is by taxation of the many that the few may prosper.

The purchase of mules and supplies by the British government for use against the Boers, was another important factor, but that was not at all considered. It was all protection. While, therefore, there was apparent prosperity in spite of protection there were causes which led up to it with which protection had nothing to do.

In that day, and now, even, it was said that prosperity had come to stay, and McKinley prosperity was alone responsible.

Flippant interviewers rushed to the newspapers and gleefully exclaimed, "our people are too busy gathering good crops and rushing to the railroads with their produce to talk politics." "Plentiful rains, abundant harvests unify all we have ever claimed for the beneficence of protection."

Has there a change come? or is there any premonition of approaching trouble?

It is true within the last month a terrible drought has afflicted the West, and is now afflicting the cotton belt of Texas. While one member of Congress was joyfully telling one of our contemporaries that in the two Dakotas and Minnesota the tales of short crops were exaggerated, good Mr. Dockery was calling upon the people of his State to assemble in the churches and pray for rain. We believed at the time of the rosy story that if McKinley prosperity was responsible for the good crops and huge railroad profits in Minnesota, that it was very unkind and ungenerous in that same McKinley prosperity to withhold the rain from suffering Missouri, and from Iowa, and Idaho—which were under the same torrid sun

—and give it all to the two Dakotas and his own State of Minnesota.

But it seems even then the same drought has overtaken the two Dakotas, and short crops will result. If true, the railroads will not have so much to do, and the people up there can now commence talking politics, for they will have little else to think about.

We have given space to this twaddle about the good times we are now having to show how little foundation there is for such super-foolishness.

Never were times more propitious for ultra protection than with the past four years. If it can not now stand up against all other theories of economic science, it is a failure once and for all.

Is it standing the test? Look at every issue of a newspaper and the answer is there. The baleful results of such a policy are more and more apparent, and now men proclaiming themselves ultra protectionists are calling for a revision of the tariff lists. Tariff retaliation wars are on, and trusts are assuming proportions unheard of and not dreamed of when Webster and Clay pleaded for infant industries.

Droughts, for which no mortal is responsible, and we are honest enough to say so; strikes, retaliatory legislation by foreign powers now confront the men whose only remedy for bad times was and is high taxation.

The drought men in power can not control. The strikes they can control by giving honest labor its share. Retaliatory wars they can avert by honest legislation and fair dealing.

In fair dealing, however, they must accept the theories of their political enemies. They must throw down the barriers of protection, tear down their tariff wall. They may call it by what name they choose, it will be by adopting the theories of those they have affected to despise and condemn. They may invoke reciprocity. They hate the words "free trade," yet reciprocity is but another name for free trade. But they must do it or lose these foreign markets.

Countervailing duties in regard to Russian products must be avoided, and a German protection fortress must be removed. Reciprocity! What a humbug to call it by that name! It is free trade, pure and simple, and the most ardent, didactic protectionist must admit it.

We are informed that one of the Committee of Ways and Means says the tariff must be revised, but wants no Democratic help to revise it. That means he don't intend to revise at all. It means a great wave of reform must be made, a great beating of drums, wonderful display of eloquence, but nothing more. Like the bear that pats its victim on the chest with its paw while it tears out the bowels with its hind claws, so the protectionist points to the lowering clouds, the kindly rain, the belching smoke from many a lofty flue, and tells the glories of levying tribute from the poor while the trust magnate stands ready to take away their earnings almost before they have reached their hands.

If protection—if the Dingley bill—has brought about all the good, why is now \$500,000,000 of gold piled up in the Treasury while workmen are walking around with idle hands, demanding but a little share of what is justly their due? They want to build cottages in which to shelter their families, as well as Carnegie wants to build libraries to perpetrate his name. Let the powers that be consider the situation carefully. No glittering generalities will suffice. Let them make an honest effort in the coming session of Congress to remedy what is wrong. Notwithstanding the fact that no Democratic help is wanted, a make-believe policy will not suffice.

True, it was proclaimed in 1897 that the free trade bog was forever buried. Nevertheless, it will be well to heed the mutterings in the air. Protection papers would not call for revision and reform if all was fair, equitable and just. They hear the whisperings in the breeze and understand it. It will be well for the party in power to listen, and in the coming session drop partisanship and selfishness, and legislate for one time honestly in the interests of the people.

THE MARCH OF DESPOTISM.

To transform a Republican Government into a base and brutal despotism it is not necessary to formally modify its Constitution or abolish popular election. It was centuries after Julius Caesar before the absolute master of Rome pretended to govern except by authority of a Senate that crouched before him.

But forms have no significance when substance has gone, and the forms of popular government are those from which the substance of liberty may most easily go. Extremes clash, and a government of popular suffrage and theoretical equality may, under circumstances which impel the change, easily become a despotism. For these despotisms grow in the name and by the power of the common people. This source of power once secured by the powers that prey, everything is secured. There is no unfranchised class to whom appeal can be made, no privileged class who, in contending for their own rights, may be forced to fight for the rights of the people. No dam remains to check the flood, no elevation sufficient to escape it.

They were titled noblemen, led by a mitred archbishop, who wrested the Magna Charta from King John; it was the middle classes that broke the power of the Stuarts; but a mere plutocracy will never fight as long as it can bribe a tyrant. That the seeds of des-

potism are beginning to sprout in this country, under a republican form of government, may be clearly seen by the rapid growth of the injunction system under the fostering care of Federal and State courts.

Only the other day, a State court in Connecticut issued an injunction against 150 machinists in Derby, with an accompanying attachment upon their property, for the better enforcement of the injunction, which enjoins the defendants "from in any manner interfering with any person who may desire to enter the employ of the plaintiffs, by way of threats, persuasions, personal violence or other means calculated or intended to prevent such person from entering or remaining in the employ of the plaintiff."

A Federal judge in Cleveland granted an injunction against picketing, and is reported to have said that "persuasion long continued would be considered picketing."

To enjoin a person from using peaceable persuasion to induce another from accepting employment in a certain mill or factory is a clear violation of the constitutional right of free speech, and a dangerous usurpation of power by the court. It is equally clear that an injunction should not be granted by a court of equity against acts which are unmistakably criminal, such as personal violence. The offender in such cases should be tried in a criminal court and be granted a trial by a jury. To enjoin a person from committing an act which the law already forbids him to commit, and provides a penalty for its commission, is manifestly absurd. It is equally absurd to adjudge a person guilty of contempt of court who is not in the presence of the court, but may be miles distant, when the act is committed.

The objectionable part of the injunction is not its manifest absurdity, but its dangerous assumption of authority to deprive workmen of the natural rights for which this Government was instituted. For exercising the right of free speech to advance his interests, an American citizen can be arrested and brought before the judge who made the complaint, who tries him, renders the verdict and pronounces the sentence. If this is not despotism, what is it?

But the injunction system does not even terminate here.

Mark Hanna, boss of the Republican party, has found further use for this iniquitous system, and employs it to prevent the city of Cleveland from assessing his street railroad property at two-thirds of its actual value. In other words, Boss Hanna, who has the power to create, advance and otherwise reward judges can find a judge who has the audacity to forbid the officials of Cleveland from the conscientious discharge of their sworn duties.

Truly we have fallen on evil times.

THE THREE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET.

Once upon a time three very respectable tailors met in London to consider their individual and collective grievances, and being encouraged by the magnifying process of their own recitals, after the manner of the ass when braying full time, they reduced to writing a pronouncement with the preliminary declaration of—

"We, the people of England!"

Since that famous proclamation, no more absurd and grandiose document has ever been issued until the "platform" of the "Twelve Apostles," issued at Columbus, Ohio, the past week. Since the Democratic convention adjourned, which nominated Col. James Kilbourne, of Columbus, as standard-bearer of the Buckeye Democracy, these "Twelve Apostles" have been beating the woods with tom toms and hurdy gurdys, announcing a convention of Bryan Democrats to be held at Columbus, July 31st. The date arrived all right, but delegates to the "convention" failed to connect, and the "Twelve Apostles" met in the bedroom of the chief Judas Iscariot and there determined to sell, if they could, for as many pieces of Mark Hanna's silver as that corruptionist would pay, the "Bryan Democracy."

Inasmuch as there were but the "Twelve," all told, and no delegates, they were forced to organize a convention in the aforesaid bedroom, ably aided by some newspaper men, anxious for fun and scraps. They named a ticket from their number, the head of which refuses to accept, and the tail of which is an old acquaintance a "crank" doctor named Connell. The doctor has been in every kind of a disturbing movement, political and otherwise, and is known in Columbus as a "bug." That is to say, his intellect is cloudy and his mouth is uncontrollable.

The movement of these "dozen" of alleged Bryan Democrats, organized for the purpose of "shaking down" Mark Hanna, is as dead as a mackerel on the Roman sands of the Tiber. The Bryan Democrats, of whom there are tens of thousands in Ohio, are also Kilbourne Democrats and are not for sale to M. A. Hanna. Every Democrat in Ohio worthy of the name is a Bryan and a Kilbourne, a Hill, and a Gorman Democrat, but not one of them is a Mark Hanna Democrat—for sale and hire.

And here is where the "Twelve Apostles" missed the mark. They are "the three tailors of Tooley street" in a paper-covered edition, and they are too stupidly insignificant to excite laughter in a hyena. The Democracy of Ohio stand shoulder to shoulder for the coming fight; there is no dissension in the ranks. The chiefs are united and leading the hosts, and the "unfettered" of the Buckeye State will

give a good account of themselves in the ideas of November next.

Col. James Kilbourne will be the next governor of Ohio. John R. McLean will succeed Porto Rico Foraker in the United States Senate, and Tom Johnson will be a formidable and friendly antagonist of Hill, Gorman and other good men in the National Convention for the first office in the land.

Harmony prevails from the lakes to the river in the ranks of the Ohio Democracy. Thousands of Republicans, disgusted with Corruptionists, Hanna and Oily William, will vote for the honest citizen, gallant soldier, and enterprising manufacturer who heads the Democratic ticket; and we predict that the old soldier will be heard from this time with some satisfaction, for McKinley still smiles the same deceptive smile, and Evans reigns supreme in the Pension Office.

"John Pierpont Morgan's five words, 'there will be no compromise,' when asked what would be done in the steel workers' strike, caused stocks in the trust to drop \$50,000,000 within an hour—five words, at \$10,000,000 per word! And they may cost much more than that before the trouble is over. These words sound horribly like the words of the French nobleman, who, when told that the peasantry were starving, replied, 'Let them eat grass.' The French Revolution came soon after, and a furious mob carried that nobleman's head, the mouth stuffed with grass, through the streets of Paris. We hope there will be no such scene in this land of plenty."—San Francisco Star.

"Eat grass" was also the advice of "Albert the Good," Mrs. Wetten's husband, to the starving Irish. Maybe there will and maybe there won't, as the Indian philosopher says, be any plutocrat's head carried around with his mouth stuffed with grass, but if there isn't it is because the American plebeian can stand more than his French brother. Bigger and braver men than Morgan walked up the steps of the guillotine, humble and repentant enough when it was too late. Like the Star, we, too, hope for no such scenes, but they seem to have purified the French political atmosphere and left La Belle France in advance of all the nations of the earth.

George Cross, brother-in-law of Chief Clerk Collins, of the Government Printing Office, having charge of only two sewing machines in the bindery, is permitted to work overtime and Sundays adding to his monthly stipend considerably, while other machinists, having charge of five and seven machines each are not permitted to make an hour extra time. How is this? Of course, it is not a question of brother-in-law. This Collins question is assuming great proportions with people who are acquainted with affairs at the G. P. O.

The Fosburg murder trial is a fine illustration of police manufactured testimony, to hang, imprison or ruin the man they may select as the alleged perpetrator of a homicide. Dr. Kennedy beat them out in New York, even with Recorder Goff against him, and if Molineux is given a new trial he will also come clear. Able journals object to men like Fosburg, Kennedy and Molineux escaping the chair after they are once accused by the police.

Ex-Senator Arthur Pue Gorman has the situation well in hand. Maryland will roll up a decisive Democratic majority on the issues named in the State platform, adopted Thursday last. Maryland has followed the Ohio lead, and very properly ignores dead issues, or rather, national ones, which can only be properly adjusted at a National Convention.

Schley was overlooked by Sampson in the matter of the secret code for communicating with the Cubans. But Schley made connections with the Spaniards all right.

Some of the faces that the European nations are making at Uncle Sam are real funny.

Tom Johnson had Mark Hanna over the ropes and out, when a friendly judge, acting as referee, cried "Time."

Sampson need not worry; he has so little reputation to lose.

Admiral Cervera knows "who done him up," and would make a good witness for Schley.

"Next!"

Sampson needs a hair cut and close shave. Let him take the chair.

GLOBULES.

It must be remembered that Sydney Mudd has no redeeming trait—he remembers the dead.

Neely is not kicking about the law's delay, nor does he believe delays dangerous.

If Congress believes that it is the duty of an executive officer to enforce and execute the laws, and not to legislate, H. Clay Evans will be a fine subject for impeachment next winter.

It is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for an old veteran to obtain justice in the Pension Office or other Government Departments.

With rapture on the number of cases submitted and the number of errors committed, the editor and mighty Josiah leaned back in his luxurious armchair, a slight frown suffused his bronzed cheek, while sweet smiles chased each other around the corners of his capacious mouth and up through the snowy whiteness of his Jersey mustache. And ever and anon as his pale eye rested on this beautiful work of his brain and hand, he seemed to say to himself: "As long as I, Josiah Shaw, live the republic is safe and the monthly report will appear on time."

But when his deformed optic rested on the slugish countenance and uncouth form of his assistant, Stoddard, the sweet smiles died and a look of intense disgust and hatred overspread his countenance. The thought that one of his greatness should be officially connected with Stoddard always infuriated him, but never had he shown such venom as on this sultry July afternoon.

Never mind, Josiah; you are a thing of beauty and a joy forever, or, at least, as long as this generous Government looks you over \$1,800 per annum for producing an absolutely worthless document styled "The Monthly Report."

"John P. Altgeld is after the people who dodge their taxes. How about those who dodge the duty of the Imperial Yeomanry to accept medals of honor from the royal hand of King Edward VII for the reason that what was lawfully due them remained unpaid, and in consequence, their families were starving."

A medal of honor is a poor substitute for a square meal, when hunger honor that comes from an avowed royal thief must be inconceivably small.

And still it is hard to have anything but a feeling of contempt for a man who leaves his family to starve in England while he goes away to engage in the atrocious business of murdering, burning the homes and subjecting to every outrage that a brutal and callous mind can conceive, of people who never wronged him, and the sum of their offending is the love of liberty.

The regeneration of the Democratic party must commence at the top. The rank and file need no regeneration. Chairman Jones should be relegated to the limbo of political delinquents, and Chairman Richardson should receive the same treatment.

What Senator John Lowndes McMurray was to the Republican party in South Carolina before he was hurled out of the Democratic party, neck and crop, spur and snaffle, and Jim Fritts, O'Connell Roberts, Walter B. Pettus and W. P. Mac Grell are to the chief who runs the Pension Office. But as sure as there is a God in Israel, there will come a day of reckoning, a day when political traitors and contemptible hypocrites will receive their just deserts. Every political sign of the times portends the election of a Democratic President in 1904, and his inauguration in 1905, and forthwith by the kicking of those creatures from the positions they have held by virtue of party perfidy.

For size, utility and influence, the District Democracy create more disturbance and discordance than any other political body on this mundane sphere.

A tariff war is the very height of absurdity. It injures all concerned, and benefits no one. It increases the cost of consumption, the people who the government imposes it, and retards production among the people on whom it is imposed.

If Commissioner Evans will read The Globe he will learn some things about the Pension Bureau that will surprise and enlighten him. He will discover that his administration is a national disgrace, and that it can not be reformed too soon.

Commissioner Evans—The first maxim of a republic is that the laws be made by one set of men and administered by another.

The civic degradation to which Philadelphia has been reduced by the Quay machine, with the assistance of the Ryan-Donnelly clique, is deplorable. The participation in election debauchery of Ryan and Donnelly is evidenced by the vote in the 13th division of the Seventh Ward, where the ballot box was fraudulently stuffed by Samuel Stater, with 299 Republican tickets, which were also marked in favor of Thos. J. Ryan for city commissioner. In the ward there were counted for Ryan 2165 votes, and for Wm. T. Cressy for State treasurer, 627.

And yet the new city chairman, Robt. E. Pattison, is talking and hesitating about firing those political hoboes out of the Democratic camp. This is the reason why Republican corruption wins more than Democratic honesty.

When We Have Time.

EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE: In your last Sunday's issue you mentioned an investigation that was going on at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. You probe go a little deeper into the affairs of that building and find out the facts as to how Mr. Steinbreuner, the engineer of the building, lost his position. If you can get at the bottom of that affair and publish all the facts concerning it, much reading will be furnished your many subscribers and a certain little snob in the Supervising Architect's office of the Treasury Department will wish you had spent the balance of your days in that Ohio penal institution that you write about.

A CONSTANT READER.

Mr. J. T. Newsum, proprietor of an employment agency, 1013 N. Y. ave., protests in being identified with similar agencies which charge fees and fail to secure employment for clients. Mr. Newsum is a very cool, collected street corner has alone referred to. When we hear complaints from his clientele he will read them in The Globe. Of course, "all agencies are not alike." A good thing that they are not.

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Brights?

RATHER PERSONAL

Some Explanations Evoked by a Correspondent's Screech.

THE GLOBE'S POSITION STATED

For His and Others' Benefit in the Matter of What It Publishes and What It Does Not. Neither a Scandal Monger Nor a Libeller to Please the Vicious or the Designing—A Few Cold Facts.

The Globe is not a scold, and so far as its editor's feature articles are concerned, they deal with facts and persons. An article can not be cited in which we confine our charges to general charges to glittering generalities. We do not indulge ourselves with exclamatory periods thus:

"The Department is rotten." "The head is a thief and the chief is a liar." "The grossest favoritism prevails." "Merit has no chance." "Good men are turned down and bad men elevated," etc., etc.

This kind of writing we have too long indulged our correspondents with, and in a bushel of their communications it is impossible to find an item of news or a fact, name or happening upon which to found an article. We call attention to the contrast between our own handling of Machen, Geddes, Lyman et al. We have not abused these gentlemen, nor called them names. We have simply made specific charges, for which we could be punished if they were not the truth or if we failed to establish their truth in a court of law.

And yet we are "called down" by the writer of the following screech of glittering generalities, who fails to cite an instance, a name, a specific act of any man or woman in the Pension Office which would justify the editor of The Globe in founding an article or criticism of that Department. And this, too, in the face of the fact that we have ourselves given names and the divisions calling for reproof and reform, and in the publication of which we were led into a single error in a mass of truth, which, because we had the manliness and fairness to correct unasked, we are thus roasted. Hear this dyspeptic:

EDITOR GLOBE: The writer desires to see The Globe succeed, and regrets the apparent shallowness and instability of the sources whence it draws its information. Assertions positively made in one issue are apologized for in the next. This is weak and looks as if the paper, begun with promise of a vigorous warfare against entrenched arrogance, injustice, sycophancy and official general corruption, would dwindle into a sheet merely offering to morbid readers a venom of vituperative scandal-mongers who neither have the courage to, nor can, substantiate the charges they make. Bring your paper up, Mr. Editor; make it what Don Platt made his, and there's millions in it for the right.

Your article today, which we know so far as it goes, and you promise more. Scores of honorable men and women in that great hive will be glad if through your efforts some of the flagrant abuses that exist there are wiped out. If it takes a long time, so long as it takes, we will be doing; although that would not be found necessary, for those who walk with lordly stride and frown with fiercest virtue on the poor subordinates, are very vulnerable, and a little discipline from those above them quickly will bring them down to the normal apologetic and obsequious state, for the chief and chiefs cringe now and curvy favor with the man with a pull. They have always an eye single to their own interests. Virtue, integrity, industry, so far as they are concerned, are no bar to advancement. In fact, among the women in the office, the fdlers, whose whose records are made "excellent" by the word of their chief, and not by a competitive or comparative record of work done, are the favored in every way. Among the men, only those who are utterly without opinions have any chance at all. If a man has the courage and intellect to have an opinion, he is at once declared to be a dangerous fellow, and it becomes the work for the time being, the sole object for which he lives, every chief sub-chief, and section chief, down through all the grades of authority to humiliate and to make life a burden to that man who has happened, by reason of the assertion of his manhood.

The head of the Bureau is for this by no means responsible. He trusts, perforce, his lieutenants. These are bound by oath to fidelity, but, alas! how few are faithful, how few respect that oath. In the elevation of clerks to chiefs, under the operation of the civil-service law, as exemplified in the Pension Office, we see the man advanced to a position of authority who early learned to repress self, never to express his least thought, to be all things to all men. Through this obsequiousness alone did the most of them win their present positions. An examination of poll lists in districts where they claim residence will not disclose their names as voters. Furthermore, the most of them came into the office of chief with "grudges to pay" on their own account, or pledged to the venom clamor of some other with a pull, to some jealous woman, perhaps, and are ever ready to deal cruelly with whomsoever does not render to them their full meed of flattery and homage. As for executive ability and general knowledge of the law and pension work, they do not have it, but as long as the ring, each scratching the back of the fellow next him, is unbroken—and it isn't likely to break—it's pretty strong—there won't be much chance for industry and fidelity to win. Mr. Globe, I could tell you a deal and give names, dates and facts, but it would be a waste of space. The millennium isn't here yet. I have heard it said in the Bureau that the man who could get pointers there, perhaps the chief could tutor him.

Prince George Co., Md.

Signs his name? Of course, he signs his name, and with impunity, too, as the editor of The Globe has never been known to disclose the identity of a correspondent, whether he gets us a libel suit, a shooting match, or a "scoop." But now, let the candid and fair-minded reader digest his screech, and if he finds a single item of news, fact or happening in the whole letter we will retire from The Globe and leave a vacancy for one of the many of our critics who know what news is and how to conduct a newspaper better than we do.

If our readers will indulge us; the letter quoted is only one of scores of similar communications waiting to know why we do not roast this, that

and the other Department and individual. Now, once for all, we are not in the "roasting" nor the "scandal" business just for the mere gratification of either scolding or scolding. We cater to gentlemen or ladies for that matter who have personal grievances. We are animated by much higher motives, we are proud to state, viz: the purification of the public service, the return to power of the great Democratic party and the preservation of the republic from the gang of infamous plutocrats who are endeavoring to wreck it, and who have corrupted at their source the very fountains of public virtue from the White House to the Halls of Congress!

We will not knowingly publish an untruth, and when we are inadvertently led into error we are more anxious to correct the same, in as public a manner as the original charge, than the person or persons the error affects. No man or woman, in the Departments or outside of their need, should be visiting this office to secure such redress at our hands.

On the other hand, neither the President, nor the Congress, backed by the bayonets of our hireling soldiery and led by Corbin, could make us budge one inch in retracting a charge we had authenticated and absolutely knew to be the truth. Why should we be expected, by the correspondent quoted, or by anybody else, to scandalize or misrepresent our fellow-citizens, men or women, in the Departments or outside of them, or to fulminate charges against their integrity or virtue founded upon innuendo, generalities, suspicion or unsupported allegations? "Is thy servant a dog that he'd do such a thing?"

We have had a mother, we have a wife and daughters, we have been a municipal and State officer, and even a Federal clerk; we are no ogre, even if we have been a convict (the crime which made us such being the proud deed of our life—the vindication of the manhood of a revolver of the honor of a woman), why, then, should we be chafed, prodded, solicited or expected to attack indiscriminately, like a beast, anybody and anything a correspondent, without facts, news or a specific happening in his whole communication, chooses to select? Is it because we happen to be in the way of telling the truth, regardless of persons? For that very reason we are all the more cowardly in publishing unauthenticated charges or misrepresentations, and when we do so, through ignorance or stupidity, in showing the "white feather" to the person or persons affected. Let all such not be afraid to call at The Globe office; the editor is neither a bully, a swash-buckler, nor a coward. No man or woman can use us to get even with an enemy. We are grateful for the news sent us and handed in, but inasmuch as we are responsible for its publication, we claim the privilege of authenticating it in our own way and presenting it to the public in such shape as our judgment suggests.

As to the Pension Bureau.

(Communicated.)

When H. Clay Evans assumed the duties and responsibilities of administering the affairs of the Pension Bureau it was expected and it was natural to expect, that he would administer them on sound business principles, with the sole view of carrying out the intention of Congress, as expressed in the statutes.

It was believed that he would exercise the same care and circumspection over the Government's interests as he had over his own private affairs. He had the reputation of being an enterprising and successful business man, a large employer of labor, and a shrewd calculator of his own affairs. Although a strong, and probably a bitter, partisan, he was regarded as too broad-minded to allow partisanship to warp his judgment or divert him from an honest and conscientious performance of his official duties. The Government, it was thought, would rely the purity of his business experience and his executive ability. No marvel, then, that the employees of the Pension Office were astounded when they learned that he had called George Hamlet, Jerry Connolly, Nose Wright, Walter Brooks, Romanus Campbell and others, the "Diamond" Alexander to his council table, and invested them with plenary power of removals, reductions and promotions. Who are these men? The wise, the good, the learned; men who have made the nation's name and esteem of their fellow clerks by the purity of their lives, the splendor of their talents, their probity in public trusts, their profound knowledge of the law and practice of the Bureau; men distinguished for deeds of valor in the darkest days of the nation's peril. No; they are defrauders of the Government, political traitors, petty spies, detestable base-bearers, official busybodies. They stand to the administration of the affairs of the Pension Bureau as the Pretorian Guards did to that of the declining republic of Rome. He who would wear the purple, fill the curule chair or have the fasces carried before him must see them, pay them homage, and give them donations. Evans made them men of power, and the Pretorian Guards must court, and those vengeance they must avoid. He delegated to this unscrupulous clique powers of government that they forthwith employed to reward their friends and punish their enemies. The interests of the Government and the old soldiers' pension were alike neglected while these irresponsible were engaged in nefarious work of perverting the original purpose of the office, that of adjudicating the claims of old soldiers and their widows and orphans to ordinary misdeeds and distributing promotions, as they bargained together. The Pension Bureau became a brokerage, infested with public thieves. There was a time, not far distant, when the proposal to sacrifice swine in the temple would hardly have excited greater horror and indignation in Jerusalem of old than would among the old soldiers that of turning the most important branch of the general Government over to the Hamlets, Connollys and Wrights, to conduct it as they saw fit.

With characteristic indifference, H. Clay Evans remained unmoved. He was too busy devising schemes by which he could deprive the